

A Strange Wind Blows by **kitkatkrazy**

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Summary: With the Upside Down far behind, things go seemingly back to normal in Hawkins. However, the summer of '85 brings newer and stranger figures into town. What can the mysteriously persuasive Daniel and his small, silent companion, Elliot, offer El that all the others couldn't?

A Strange Wind Blows

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Prologue:

Officer Phil Callahan just *had* to take the call. That old kook down on Reabury Road called about some funny characters out by the electric utility power station. Rodney "Rod" Holt was the same nut who called the police station multiple times to either ask for the weekly weather forecasts or to insist that the neighbor's free-roaming cat be arrested for trespassing on his property.

It was always something! But the fact that this time was a different sort of something, Hopper told Callahan to just suck it up and go over there and keep that old man quiet for another week. The report of a strange man and some little boy hanging out by the power station didn't bod too well with the chief. Thus, Callahan begrudgingly dragged himself, and his cruiser, and Calvin Powell to Reabury Road on the outskirts of Hawkins to the electric power station on the hill and check it out. What else was better to on a bright Saturday morning?

"So you think Rod's off his rocker meds or is there really is some creep with a little kid hanging out by the electric station?" Callahan inquired to Powell as they rode.

"Meh. Probably noth'n," Powell mused, "but with all things you hear about creeps preying on little kids, and the fact that Chief's got a 'daughter' now, he's probably just acting on 'Dad Mode'"

"Could just be a dad out with his kid," Callahan openly pondered, "teaching him about the dangers of electricity..." He and Powell looked at each other skeptically. Each turning his attention back the road, Callahan then said, "which is still strange."

"Yeah, well you gotta admit," Powell spoke, gazing out at the passing landscape outside, "Hawkins has seen a lot of stranger things lately."

Twenty minutes later, they reached their destination sitting on the remote hill, not too far from the kook's house. Parking the cruiser, Callahan and Powell made their way up the slight hill towards a curious pair standing near the fence of the buzzing power station. It did indeed look to be a man and a young boy. The kid looked about the height of a seven-years-old, wearing blue jeans and a red hooded jacket with light brown hair that was cropped short. The man appeared to be rather lanky, with dark hair, maybe in his thirties or older, dressed in jeans and a white casual short-sleeved shirt. His arms appeared to be crossed. Both he and the kid had their backs to the approaching officers.

"Hello! Excuse us...", Powell casually started, although the man was already turning around just as he spoke. He was wearing sunglasses. As the pair got closer to the other, the man removed his sunglasses, uncovering very deep, dark eyes that revealed little else. The little boy, turned and looked with pixyish green eyes that stared up at the taller strangers.

"May I help you officers?" The man asked simply. His voice was deep, but rather youthful sounding. His face appeared much older, and he was not particularly handsome, he far from ugly. He had ears that seemed to stand out almost ridiculously from the tufts of his dark brown hair, giving him an almost goofy appearance. But the way he held his dark brown-eyed gaze at them gave Powell a rather uncomfortable feeling that was anything but goofy.

Powell shrugged, "we were just passing by, and couldn't help notice you two standing rather close to this power station."

The man's lips curved into a clever smile, "is that against law?" His gaze shifted between Powell and Callahan, as if sizing them up.

"It's just that power stations conduct lots of high voltages. They can be dangerous," Callahan responded with a smile.

"Ah," the man said, his own smile softening just a little, then widened again, "well we are very aware of that, officers. I was just teaching Elliot here," his hand addressing the little boy tenderly on the top of his head, "the science behind how these stations work. He's homeschooled." His eyes looked back up straight to Callahan, who

stared back, equally uncomfortable by the stranger's manner. After a moment's pause, Callahan asked, "Is he your son?"

"He's my ward."

"I see," Powell calmly nodded, "well, as you should know, Mister... ah..."

"Reid," the man answered confidently, "Daniel Reid"

"Mr. Reid," Powell responded, more seriously, "Officer Callahan and I here was just following up on some reports of suspicious activity."

"Suspicious activity?"

"Yes," answered Callahan, "see, it's not every day a man such as yourself, and his...ward," he glanced down at the boy, "visit the power stations the way most people visit, say, the park."

Powell crouched down to Elliot's level, "son, you ok with this fellow here?" Elliot turned up towards his guardian, visibly panicked.

"He's won't respond to you, he's Deaf," Daniel spoke in a solid tone. His eyes looked even darker, annoyed. Powell slowly stood back up, eyeing the man. "It's our job to make sure things are ok. Especially when it comes to the welfare of a child, you understand that, don't you Mister Reid?"

Daniel looked at Powell without so much as a flinch and smiled again, "well rest assured, officers, nothing inappropriate is going on," he eyed both Powell and Callahan respectively, knowing exactly what was being implied. "I've been entrusted with Elliot's care, so our 'activities' here are perfectly innocent." His voice never rose, but Callahan could swear there was a strange power in the way he *commanded* their full attention. In fact, he could swear the man's brown eyes looked different somehow...

Did his pupil's just get bigger? Or did they get smaller again?

Daniel's mesmerizing dark gaze shifted between Callahan and Powell, then back to Callahan. His voice sounded like it was it was coming from inside their heads

Why don't you two fine gentlemen give yourself a well-deserved break, and grab a couple dozen donuts on your way back to the station?

"Sound like a great idea?" Daniel smiled widely as he looked back at the silently spellbound cops.

Callahan slammed the car door shut and started up the cruiser as Powell was getting his seatbelt on. Once they were settled, Callahan paused before getting back onto the road. He looked at Powell. Powell looked at him. A good few seconds passed before either spoke. Callahan opened his mouth, then, looking around, he asked, "why did the chief send us out here again?"

Powell searched his mind for a satisfactory answer, "I...think it had something to do with old Rod insisting we arrest that damn cat again." Callahan snorted in response, "Right."

Several seconds passed once more before Powell said, "Hey, you feel up for some Krispy Kream?"

As the cruiser pulled back onto the road and made its way farther in the opposite direction, Daniel and Elliot stood from their spot leaning against a rusty four-by-four, watching. Elliot grabbed at his guardian's shirt to get his attention and signed with his hands, *When will we find her?*

Daniel sighed and signed back, speaking, "We know she's nearby, Buddy. It's just a matter of triangulating her signal." The child looked at him.

Soon?

Daniel gazed down, smiling slightly, "Very soon," he signed, the small "002" tattoo on the inside of right wrist clearly visible. Daniel's brown eyes looked away from his young ward and stared out into the distance. He knew Eleven was indeed near and under the protection of the police somehow.

It was just a matter of finding her, and convincing her to join their mission in Holms County. Then they can deal with Will Byers in time. And later...the rest of that whole damn "Science" establishment. That

is, Daniel smiled to himself, once One gives him the go ahead to move through with the army they're building.

Authors Notes:

Okay! —so we've got the very first installment of a Stranger Things fanfiction going. To all my faithful readers that have read my Harry Potter/Twilight and Hannibal fanfiction, thank you so much for your support and encouragement! Unfortunately, I had to abandon both stories due to the storylines getting so complex and extensive (I may consider having them adopted if someone is willing to take either). So, I am trying again with something a little different.

In case some of you were wondering about the effect of Daniel's eyes when he's "persuading" someone, it was inspired by the film "Push", where the pupils of the character Kira change when she's manipulating someone's mind.

And, as you might guess, I do have one particular person I have in mind playing the role of Daniel Reid (if you can guess—he was most definitely a very notable 80's child actor). Along with other stuff, this story has been mulling over in my mind for quite some time, but started to take more precedence after Season 2 of Stranger Things.

Hope you enjoy—I love to start my stories with intrigue that draws the reader in. Let me know what you think! Hope to get Chapter 1 up soon!